

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Bring It Back Here"

Raps will be actin' ill
And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru

Don't base my whole life on loot, but money sure helps
I keep it tight like army boots to ensure wealth
I meet suckers every day that rhyme, they say they rhyme
Most of them corny as hell, they won't get paid a dime
A lot of these punks, they all sound the same
They all sound lame, fakin' like they down with the game
Against me, they fail
I'm like the black Frankie Ale
I leave 'em slumped, and their bodies dumped over the rail
Show me respect, then cut me a fat check
You little niggas are like virgins, you haven't had ass yet
Wet behind the years while I've been spittin' darts for years
Don't make me embarrass you in front of your so-called peers
The fools gassed you in the first place, dirt face
Cocksucker, thought you had wins, got stuck in the worst place
And that's when I attack your fears
'Cause I'm a real racketeer, get my money and bring it back here